

Athenian News:

O R,

Dunton's Oracle.

 From Tuesday June the 20th, to Saturday June the 24th, 1710.

The Sick-Post, or Diverting Physick for every Disease incident to the Soul and Body of Men, being a new Project to render all Doctors and Apothecaries useles.

I Conceive no Art so hard to compass, as that which makes a true Physician; Divinity it self compared to it is but a Play: For one may be a not insufficient Divine, if he can but Discourse probably of what may be understood in our Mysteries, and confess by an humble belief his Ignorance of whatever is beyond the reach of his Capacity, whereby I mean that the most intricate Difficulties and Mysteries of the Christian Religion may be easily surmounted by a blind submission of our Understandings unto God's obscure Revelation. But whether I consider the speculative, or practical Part of Physick, I meet every where with insuperable Difficulties. I represent first to my self whatever is contained in the *Three Kingdoms*, not of *England, Scotland and Ireland* only, but of *Three* of a far larger Extent, the *Mineral*, the *Vegitative*, and the *Animal*: And on a suddain I fall into despair of ever understanding to the Bottom the least thing they contain: I can scarce fix in my dull Head the very Names of *Metals, Minerals, Plants* and *Animals*; and far less their infinite Properties, and Medicinal Uses. Reflecting again upon our corruptible Bodies, my Thoughts are put to a stand, when I am prest to give a rational Account either of their Tempers, or Distempers. Yet if I pretend to be but an ordinary Physician: I must have a sort of comprehensive Knowledge of this Engine, must know how our Soul moves, and be able to give an Account, of all its particular Motions; which being upon several Accounts an insuperable Difficulty, what wonder

if the ablest Physicians mistake not only sometimes a Man's Distemper, but which is of a worse Consequence, take sometimes one for another: Because two different Diseases may have such an Affinity in their Symptoms, that they can pretend to no infallibility in distinguishing them. On the other side, when I consider the obscure Origine of most Distempers, I am quite out of humour with the Practice of Physick. I may but too easily mistake that, without the Knowledge of which I cannot cure my *Patient*, the true Cause of his Disease; yea, I wonder how any Man dare venture to study Physick, if he peruse but a moment *Hypocrates* his first Aphorism, *Vita longa, ars brevis, occasio celeris, experimentum difficile, judicium periculosum*, Our Life is too short, and the Art is of an infinite Extent, the Occasion gives us easily the slip; the Experience is hard, doubtful and dangerous, and it is not easy to discern well, either the Remedies, or the Distempers: We can have then but little Certainty of the Cure, especially if we take notice of what follows in the same Aphorism, *Oportet autem non modo seipsum exhibere quæ oportet facientem, sed etiam agrum ac presentes, & externa*, that the Patients Recovery depends not only upon the Physicians Care and Skill, but no less upon the Patient himself, who must contribute towards his own cure by an exact Submission, and scrupulous Performance of what he is order'd to do, take, or observe. And besides, all our Endeavours are useles, if those that wait upon him do not their Duty, or if perchance those things that the *Old Man* calls external, and are without us, as wholesome Food, good Air, &c. be wanting. Out of all this Discourse I raise this Inference, That there is no small Difficulty to become a good Physician; yet on the other part, one would think that there is nothing more easy, because of the

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great number of Physicians to be met with every where, whom we know in all other respects to be but meer Blockheads. If the Knowledge of Physick were a thing so hard to attain to, and beyond the common reach, could either a Taylor, or a Shoe-maker, and the rest of the unlearned Tribe practice Physick, as able and Famous Doctors. I confess if there were no more required to be a Physician than what the less understanding sort, or the *Mob* conceives to be necessary, the whole World might soon be turn'd into a Colledge of Physicians: It is not then the Knowledge of a Receipt, or two not unsuccessful on some, or several Occasions that give us right to this honourable Title, nor the Art of making up this or that Physical Composition, unless we will foolishly reckon up old doting Wives, and Apothecaries Prentices, with the ablest Doctors. Yea, I maintain it to be no Paradox to say, that a Man may comprehend perfectly the whole *Materia Medica*, and an hundred good Remedies against every particular Distemper, and yet prove a very insignificant, and ignorant Physician. Because the chief Secret of Physick consists not in the Goodness of the Remedy, but in the due Application thereof, with regard to Time, Place, the Temper of the Patient, and other Circumstances. Who understands this, and no other, is a true Physician, as being capable to cure the worst Distempers, by not very odd, nor far fetch'd Remedies. Whether there be any *Panacea's*, or universal Remedies against all sorts of Distempers, I shall not here examine; but sure I am that *Opium* perhaps for diminishing of pain excepted; there are no such found as yet: And tho' there were any of this Latitude, I would still look upon them as meer Instruments that may miscarry by the Unskilfulness of those that handle them. I am then sensible that several are quite mistaken, when they complain that such a Remedy did wrong their Bodies, or increase their Distempers, whereas the Physician only is to be blamed; who, tho' they prescribed a thing in it self very good, neither understood the critical Minute it was to be given in, nor his Patients Constitution, nor other Circumstances which we must needs take notice of, else we may prescribe the best Remedies to no purpose. A Physicians Wit then lying not in framing modish Receipts, and prescribing a numberless number of Remedies, whether *Chimical*, or *Galenical*, but in a certain practical Judgment, which is not got in the Universities, of applying what is fittest for the cure of the Distemper, with regard to Time,

Place, the Strength of the Patient, and other Circumstances. I look therefore upon such as sell Secrets against all sorts of Distempers, to be meer Cheats; because if their Remedies be indeed *Panacea's*, or Universal, this Character I allow not to be intrinsical to them, but meerly extrinsical, as derived from the practical Judgment of such as prescribe them successfully, which as they cannot sell, nor communicate, neither can they either sell, or communicate their Secret: Hence we may conclude what a piece of Imprudence, or rather Madness it is, to take Remedies from the Hands of meer Empericks, without the advice of some Judicious Physician; because, as I said before, our Recovery depends not so much upon the Goodness of the Remedy, as upon a due Application thereof. For we are taught both by Reason and Experience, that we may either kill or cure with the same Remedy differently applied, and to different Subjects, or not in the same Circumstances.

Physicians in *London* (as in all other Places) sometimes *Cure* and sometimes *Kill* their Patients; when they come to a Sick Man, instead of discerning his Distemper they inquire it out.

There is no Remedy so effectual to obtain a long Life, and a happy, as to keep the Doctor at a distance.

A *Latin-Poet* speaking of a young *Roman* who went to Bed in good Health, says, that he died suddenly in the Night, and that because he had seen a Physician in his sleep.

What I think unjust is, that the Fellow who Kills and he who Cures are feed alike, and that there's no Judge to be found to punish our Ignorant Quacks, who even swarm in *London*, *Dublin* and *Edinburgh*; you shall scarce walk in the Streets, in any of these Cities, but you meet a World of People giving out Bills, some for replacing fall'n Teeth, others for making Glass Eyes, and (not long since) there was a Quack who was for curing Distempers incurable: This Man pretends to have discovered the hidden Virtue of some Stones in Powder to whiten and beautify the Face, and to restore Youth to Old Age; and there are Quacks who pretend to get wrinkles out of the Forehead and Eyes; But all these Pretences to great Cures are no more then Noise and Rattle——Physician heal thy self——is an old saying, I shall therefore (having first shewn the Vanity of the Art of Physick) propose a *New Pharmacy* for the Cure of all Diseases, and if my new Physick is rightly prepared and taken I may (without Vanity) say, 'twill render all Doctors and

and Apothecaries useless, and for that Reason I call it—The *Sick-Post*, or diverting Physick for every Disease incident to the Soul and Body of Man—

There is a very Ingenious Book Intituled Pills to purge Melancholy—and the design of this *Physical-Post* is to prescribe—A Pleasant Receipt for all the Maladies of Soul and Body. And as *Sacheverelism* (or High-Flying) is work'd upon by the Enemies to this Government as a sound temper of Mind, I'll introduce this Spiritual Dispensatory with—A special Receipt against the dangerous Infection of Moderation.

A special Receipt against the dangerous Infection of Moderation.

Take twenty Leaves of Dr. *Sacheverel's* Raving Sermons, for which he was silenc'd for three Years, as close written as may well be read. Take *L—d* and *H—gins* well beaten together, and strained through all *Luke M—bourn's* Sermons Preached on the 30th of January. A handful of good Scriptures carelessly gathered, and well steeped in the standing water of a new laid Interpretation. Add hereunto two or three *Hebrew* Roots: Of Reading a sufficient quantity: Of Learning about a third part: Of the herb called *αρίανδρα* in *English* lack-love, six Leaves (at the least) of black Tongue-wort some fifteen slips: Of Tropes and Metonimies gathered where they never grew as many as you can come by: Of the Drug called *diabolico-pseudo Gerard-o* twelve Ounces: Of the simple called Insultory or Affafetida as much: Of the sweet and savory herb discretion, half a scruple.

Let all these be made up into the body of a Railing Sermon, that in *St. Pauls*, and swallowed down without chewing upon a full Stomach, and take heed of drinking any sound Interpretation after them, and there is little fear that either the Truth or Moderation will do you any harm.—*Probatur est.*

A Receipt to cure mad Love.

Ladies if you would not be *Mad Lovers*, never be *Idle*, nor worse employ'd, than if you were, do not read *Romances*, *Play-Books*, or *Amorous-Tales*, at least till your Minds are formed, and you have seen something of the World. If these Directions were well observed, they would cure the Lover of *Mad-Fits*; but lest they should prove ineffectual (that, if possible, I may prevent your *Hanging*) I will give ye another Receipt to cure *Mad-Love*, *Probatur est.*

Take *Cupid*, and Still him alive, six Ounces of Hearts-Ease, a Pint of Virtue, one Dram of Love, (for a little of that goes a great way) take Charity and heat it, for it is naturally cold; Boil these together, and drink a Draught every Morning—Or else

Take an Ounce of Common Prudence, a Scruple of Self-Love, a Dram of the Powder of Foresight, with half a Pound of other Folks Dear-bought Experience; (which may be had at a cheap Rate, almost in every Family) mix these well together, and temper with it a few Drops of serious Consideration, and apply it warm to the soft Place of the Head; and repeat it as often as the Fit begins to come upon you.

This Receipt has wrought many Cures, and if rightly applied, (to the Head or Tail) never fails.

How to make the Philosophers Stone, which if beat to a Powder, will cure Jealousy, Heart-Burning Discontent, and most Diseases incident to the Mind.

Take two Quarts of Oil that is squeezed out of a Flint, mingl'd with a Pint of Hen's Milk, put to it the left Eye of a flying Toad dry'd and beaten to Powder, add thereto the soft Row of a live Red-Herring, with two Ounces of the Infusion of a Tench of the Mountains: Let these boil four Hours over a Fire made of *Ifickles*, then strain it thro' a Deal-Board, and when it is cold it turns to the Philosophers Stone, after which beat it to a Powder, and drink it in a Pint of Sack, and you'll ne'er be afflicted more with Jealousy, Heart-Burning or Discontent.

A good Medicine for the Scurvy.

Take five Spoonfuls of a Misers Charity, two Drams of Temperance, three Scruples of *C—lds* Wisdom, an Ounce of *D—bs* Honesty, mix't with the like Quantity of *John L—* is Chastity, to which add six Grains of the Ellixir of Compliments pass'd betwixt *S—l* and the *L—M—* that Day he baited the *Whigs*, let these Ingredients boil the Space of two Hours in a Golden Cauldron made of the Guineas given to the Mob by the *High-Flyers*, then skim it with the basting Ladle of *Poper*y, and put it into the Dripping-Pan of *Schism*, and when it is cold let the Party griev'd take a Quantity of it Morning and Evening.

A Receipt to restore a False Brother to his former Height of Sacheverelism, and to cure all his scruples be they what they will.

1. Tak

Take two Ounces of the Painting of the old *Crucifix* found in Christ Church in the Year 1641.

Secondly all that Quantity which remaineth of the Skull of *Laud*, *Heylin*, *Sybothorb*, and others of those High-Flyers that have endanger'd the Church to advance themselves, with half a Pound of Powder that *Faux* had treasur'd up under the Parliament House.

3. Put all these with a sufficient Quantity of *Jacobites* Ears, and Brains, if they have any, into the Trinkets brought out of *Italy* by *Father Peters*, as a Harbinger of what must have follow'd, had not *King William* (of glorious Memory) deliver'd us from *Popery* and *Slavery*.

4. Be carefull to mix this *Sacheverelism* (or *Frenchify'd* Principles) with three Spoonfulls of a *Pluralists* Fastening-Spittle, with a Salt Chimically extracted by a skilfull Hand, out of the square Cap that was won by *Count Doda*, in *King James's* Reign.

5. Set it on the Fire in a Cononical Hour, and so double the Heat at every Canonical Time 'till these be boiled up to a perfect Decoction.

6. Dry it, but dry it only at an *Eastern-Sun*, and when it is dry enough, then beat it to Powder, and least any bigger Pieces should remain, sift it in three several Lawns.

7. First that Lawn with which *Flora* the famous Roman Strumpet adorn'd her self in her greatest Glory. Secondly, in that which *Cleopatra* a Queen and Strumpet of *Egypt*, dress'd her self in when she entertain'd *Anthony*. Thirdly, and lastly, in a Piece of the Lawn of a *Romish* Bishop's Sleeve, as famous for *spiritual Whoredom*, as they for outward and bodily.

8. When this Powder is thus perfect make it up into several Doses, and wrap up every one in a Leaf of *S—ls* Sermon and administer it upon *All-Saints Day*, or at least upon some *Holy Day*.

9. Then give it to some Sprig of Divinity or *False Brother*, that hath read more railing Sermons, than other Comentators, of either, as few as may be: Who holdeth the Master of the Sentences with *Scotus* and *Thomas*, the only Learning, tho' he rather know their Names than their Parts. Who reads pious *Hoady* only to confute him, and commends *Sacheverel's Violence* far above his Conscience. Who deemeth Orthodox Divinity the Learning of Fools, but *Arminianism*, *Socinianism*, *Sacheverelism*, a fit Study for Wits. Who thinketh Doctrine and Use the Way indeed to save Souls, but strong Lines

the Encomium of a rare Preacher. Who commendeth Tenderness of Conscience in him which refuseth two Livings, and yet keepeth three himself. Who calls for Obedience to the Church, and makes a mighty Noise of its being in Danger, and yet scarce knows what the Church is, neither careth to know what she commands.

10. Let this Man but take for three Mornings together three Doses of this Powder, after he hath made three Legs to the East, or to the Altar, and if he swallow not three Bishopricks with three Commendams to every one of them, I am grossly mistaken, such a Receipt as this can't chuse but recover a false Brother to his former Height of *Sacheverelism*, and cure him of all Scruples, save those of doubting *Queen Ann's Title* is owing to Revolution Principles.

I have invented 500 Receipts more, for the Cure of Treason, Impudence, Canting, Pride, Lying, the Stone, Gout, Fever, Dropsy, and other Diseases incident to the Soul and Body; but for Want of Room I must reserve these merry Receipts (or diverting Physick,) to furnish out those Sick-Posts that are to follow this.

The Rhiming-Post continued; or more Poems on any Subject desired.

To Caliste (a Water-Drinker) who desir'd me to write a Satyr on the Tunbridge-Ladies.

Your Sex, *Caliste*, other Theams should choose,
And not impose such Hardships on a Muse,
Who ne'er durst venture, yet on nobler Flights,
Than those which every common Rhimer writes;
Fields, flowry Meadows, shady Woods and Groves,
The Nymphs Diversions, and the Shepherds Loves.
But now you bid me change and Idle Tale,
To stretch my Voice and use my self to rail
At Tunbridge Ladies that drink *Adam's Ale*.
A Thousand Wrongs provoke me to the Fight,
And what is more *Caliste* bids me write.
My Coward Muse yet durst not trust her Wings,
And only what she can, with Safety sings;
She knows that Satyr is a dangerous Course,
And calls for Wit, Sublimity and Force.
You know, *Caliste*, we by Satyr mean,
No course Lampoon, uncivil or obscene;
Where a vile Wit shall nauseous Railing use,
Or to his Passion prostitute his Muse;
A Libeller might then pretend to Sense,
Whose only Property is Impudence:
Then common Whores for Scolding we should praise,
And *Carmen* have a Title to the Bayes.

No—Satyr will in brighter Colours shine,
 Her Form is dreadful, but 'tis all Divine;
 In her true Shape she always will appear,
 Just and Impartial as she is severe;
 The Court and State to her Remarks be long,
 She will but seldom touch a private Wrong,
 Unless th' Example should be understood,
 Or *Tunbridge-Ladies* threaten publick Good;
 For *Female Tatlers* Church and State perplex,
 As there's *Sacheverelites* of every Sex.
 But where of late in *England* can we find,
 A Bard of such a vast extended Mind?
 Who scorning Loss of Fortune or of Blood,
 Dares venture boldly for the common Good;
 Whose Genius fits him for the great Design,
 Where *Strength* with *Grace* and *Majesty* shall joyn;
 One justly Raving, and correctly Mad,
 To raise the *Good*, and mortify the *Bad*?
 Since *C—greve* dares or will not speak at least,
 There are none now, none like to be possest,
 No Pens rise up in injur'd Merits Cause,
 And mine must never be the first that draws.
 Let Love be still the Subject of my Song,
 For Love's the proper Business of the Young;
 Ah! suffer me to tread the beaten Ways,
 Where I find Pleasure, if I meet no Praise.

The following Letter was sent to me by an *Eminent Clergyman*, now living in the West of *England*; and seeing, (*'bating the Complement to myself*) it deserves a Place in my *Rhiming-Post*, I shall here insert it, and as my *Reverend Friend*, shall be for ever conceal'd (under the Name of *Ignotus*) I hope he wont take it amiss, that he finds his Letter inserted in *Dunton's Oracle*, seeing 'tis published as well to revive our former Friendship and Correspondence, as to gratify the Lovers of Wit and Poetry. The Letter was this following.

Mr. Dunton,

According to my Promise, I here send you *Philomela's Lines upon Platonick Love*, with my Answer, intending as soon as urgent Business will give leave, to send the other Things I told you of, both Verse and Prose, not doubting but the Candid *Philaret* will pardon the weak Extravagancies of my yet unstedg'd Muse; and do resolve, if Providence give leave, to continue a more than friendly Correspondence with my generous Friend, from whom I, a poor unknown, have received more obliging Favours than I could expect from my greatest Intimates. I could not have the Happiness to see the virtuous Lady above mentioned at my Return, and therefore have

yet your Letter in my possession, but intend shortly to deliver it. Pray pardon my present Brevity, it being forc'd, and accept my hearty Thanks for all your Kindnesses, with humble Service to your self and obliging Iris. I remain, Yours, in indissoluble Ties,

Ignotus.

Platonick Love. By Philomela.

1.

SO Angels love, and all the rest is Dross,
 Contracted; selfish, sensitive and gross;
 Unlike to this, all pure and unconfin'd,
 Is that bright Flame I bear thy brighter Mind.

2.

No stragling Wish, or Symptom of Desire,
 Comes near the Limits of this holy Fire,
 Yet 'tis intense and active, tho' so fine,
 For all my pure immortal Part is thine.

3.

Why should I then the heavenly Flame controul,
 Since there's no brighter Ray in all my Soul?
 Why should I blush to indulge the noble Flame,
 For which even Friendship's a degrading Name.

4.

Nor is the greatness of my Love to thee,
 A Sacrilege unto the Deity.
 Can I the inticing Stream almost adore,
 And not respect its lovely Fountain more?

Humane Love. By Ignotus. In Answer to Platonick Love.

1.

SO Angels love, so let 'em love for me,
 As Mortals, I must like a Mortal be:
 My Love's as pure as theirs, more unconfin'd,
 I love the Body, they but love the Mind.

2.

Without Enjoyment, can Desire be ill,
 For that which would a Man with Pleasure fill?
 This more intense and active sure must be,
 Since I both Soul and Body give to thee.

3.

This Flame as much of Heaven as that contains,
 And more, for unto that but half pertains;
 Friendship one Soul to th' other doth unite,
 But Love joyns all, and therefore is more bright.

4.

Neither doth humane Love Religion harm,
 But rather us against our Vices arm,
 Shall I not for a charming Mistress die,
 When Heaven commands, encrease and multiply?

The Man of Fashion: An Epig. out of *Martial*, imitated Book the 3d, Epig. 54.

SIR

SIR *Fopling*, your a Man of Fashion grown ;
 The most accomplish'd Blade in all the Town :
 'Tis all the Ladies talk ; but tell me this,
 What a fine Man of Mode and Fashion is.
 'Tis he that's all the Morning at the Glass,
 To put each Curle in its most proper Place,
 And in affected Forms to set his Face.
 That smells of Essence, and the best perfume,
 Which does from *India* or *Arabia* come.
 That when one speaks (as if he did not hear)
 Hums or 'e some wanton Song, or modish Air:
 That Legs and Arms in various Postures throws;
 And seems to dance at ev'ry Step he goes.
 That sits among the Women in the Pit,
 And that he may be thought a Man of Wit;
 He whispers to the next as to a Friend,
 Then in loud Laughter does his Whisp'ring End.
 That reads and writes Love-Letters to and fro,
 And does each *Gallant's* *Wench* and *Mistress* know.
 Who, tho' unbidden, is a constant Guest,
 At ev'ry Mask, at ev'ry Treat, and Feast,
 But sits in Pain for fear the next should stir,
 And so displace his Dress or Garniture.
 Who knows *New-Market* breed so well, that he
 Can tell you *Jack-a-Dandy's* Pedigree;
 And down from long Descent pretends to Trace,
 The famous Swallows, or fleet Dragon's Race.
 How Sir? What's this you say? Is this Buffoon
 Admir'd so for a Spark throughout the Town?
 Believe me Sir, on Earth there cannot be
 A more ridiculous trifling Thing than he.

The Musical Conqueress.

LEd by kind Stars, one Ev'ning to the Grove,
 I spy'd my *Cynthia* in the Walk of Love;
 Her heav'nly Voice did soon salute my Ears,
 I heard, methought, the Musick of the Sphears.

Those Notes on all the Birds had laid a Spell,
 And list'ning 'mongst the rest was *Philomel*;
 Who thinking she, in Credit suffer'd wrong,
 Strove, tho' in vain, to equal *Cynthia's* Song.

(knew,
 But when her self, in Voice, out-done she
 Being griev'd, she ceas'd, and from her *Rival* flew.
 I stay'd, and saw my Fair walk round the Tree,
 And sing her Triumph for the Victory.

Thus whilst my Ears were feasted with Delight,
 My Eyes no less were charm'd at her *Angelic* Sight.

The Kept Miss, or a Satyr on the Cully of Quality.

HEr for a *Mistress* would I fain enjoy,
 That hangs out Lip, and pouts at every Toy:

Speaks like a Wag, is bold, dares stoutly stand,
 And bids Love welcome with a wanton Hand;
 If she be modest, wise, and chaste of Life,
 Hang her, she's good for nothing but a Wife.

'Tis dangerous jesting with Love.

I.

Venture not with Love to jest,
 Tho' he's blind and but a Boy,
 Whosoe'er would live at rest,
 Must not dare with him to toy;
 If you play, he'll seem to smile,
 But conspire your Death the while.

II.

I my self was such a Sot,
 Once to act a Lover's Part,
 Seem'd to love, but lov'd her not,
 Sigh'd, but sigh'd not from my Heart;
 Long I did not this maintain,
 E'er my Play was turn'd to Pain.

III.

As I gaz'd upon my Fair,
 And of Love shew'd ev'ry Sign,
 She play'd too the Flatterer,
 With her Glances answering mine;
 Till his Arrows *Cupid* took,
 Pierc'd me with each flattering Look.

IV.

Love, the Jester, will assail,
 And when scorn'd, the Mastery get;
 Art I see can ne'er avail
 Him that plays the Counterfeit;
 For I find, now Time is past,
 Jest to Earnest turn'd at last.

V.

Cupid drew with more Desire,
 Seeing me his Net despise;
 Was more active with his Fire,
 While he found my Heart was Ice:
 Now my Sighs no Pity find,
 But are scatter'd in the Wind.

To a Celebrated Beauty that hated the Company of Men.

TO Shades and Groves art thou by Fate,
 Maliciously confin'd;
 Or chuses that obscure Retreat,
 The Glory of her kind.

Sure Heaven in forming thee so bright,
 So Excellently Fair;
 Ne'er destin'd so much heavenly Light,
 To burn reclusely there.

What

What tho' thy Eyes, thy lovely Eyes,
Triumph o'er all the Plains;
Yet bright *Celinda*, thou art a Prize
Prohibited to Swains.

Thy Air, thy Smiles, and charming Wit,
Which all Mankind admire,
Would here fresh Conquests hourly meet,
And all our Harps inspire.

The Middle Sister.

DAME Nature seems to make your Sisters stand,
As Hand-maids that attend on either Hand;
To Right or Left I turn not, Poets say,
The MIDDLE is the best and safest Way:
I view the Temples, and I find them three,
But still the *Middle Temple* goes for me.
Your Sisters are like Banks on either Side,
Whilst you, the *Chrystal Stream* betwixt them glide.
'Tis light at Morn, and when the Day declines,
But yet the brightest Sun at MID-DAY shines.
Methinks your Sisters stand on either Side
Like Bride-Maids, you in MIDDLE like a Bride:
Doubtless in you the MIDDLE GRACE I see,
On this Side *Faith*, on that Side *Charity*:
My Fancy seems to dictate to my Sense,
A *Causeway*, 'twixt two Ditches, or its Fence;
The smooth and silent Floods in MIDDLE flow,
But the Shores murmur cause the Waters low.
Your Men of Worth have still the MIDDLE chose,
And here betwixt two Nettles sits a Rose.

God save the QUEEN.

TO what Intent or Purpose was Man made,
Who is by Birth to Misery betray'd?
Man in his tedious Course of Life runs through,
More Plagues than all the Land of *Egypt* knew.
Doctors, Divines, grave Disputations, Puns,
Ill-looking Citizens and scurvy Duns;
Insipid Squires, fat Bishops, Deans and Chapters,
Enthusiasts, Prophecies, new Rants and Raptures;
Pox, gout, catarrhs, old sores, cramps, rheums & aches,
Half-witted Lords, double chinn'd Bawds with patches;
Illiterate Courtiers, Chancery Suits for Life,
A teasing Whore, and a more tedious Wife;
Raw Inns of Court-men, empty Fops, Buffoons,
Bullies robust, round Aldermen, and Clowns;
Gown-men, which argue and discuss, and prate,
And vent dull Notions of a future State;
Sure of another World, yet do not know
Whether they shall be sav'd, or damn'd, or how.
'Twere better then that Man had never been,
Than thus to be perplex'd: *God save the Queen.*

The Casuistical-Post, or Athenian Mercury.

Mr. Dunton,

May 17. 1710.

Quest. **A** Child of about 7 Years old was frighted
by a Servant, into the State of a Na-
tural Fool, and never spoke one Word, or shew'd any
Sign of Sense, till about two minutes before he dyed,
which was about 20 Years after; he asked the Nurse,
Whether he had any Relations living? She told him
only one Sister; he answered, he wish'd he could see
her, and only pray'd God to have Mercy on his Soul,
and expired: I desire your Opinion, whether the Ra-
tional Soul remained in the Body, tho' unactive, or
whether it only return'd to visit the old Companion be-
fore the Dissolution? — Your Humble Servant,
K — P —

Ansiv. My worthy (tho' unknown) Friend,
both my self and the Publick is greatly oblig'd
to you for sending to *Dunton's Oracle* this remark-
able Instance; and as it has given Rise to a very
nice and curious Question, I shall endeavour to
give the most satisfactory Answer I can to it: As
to that Part of your Question, *Whether the Rati-
onal Soul remain in the Body unactive?* I answer,
Reason taken for human Mind, or Understand-
ing, is defined by most, the Faculty, whereby
a Man is said to be Reasonable, or Understand-
ing, in like Manner as Sight is defined, the Fa-
culty whereby a living Creature is denominated
seeing or visive; or Reason is that Faculty where-
by a Man does exercise the Acts of Reason, or
doth understand, and consequently the Soul can-
not remain in the Body, and be unactive whilst
it remains there; for the Word [Soul] may be
taken philosophically, as a Name of all the Cau-
ses together, that are necessary for the producing
of Vital and Animal Actions, in the several Spe-
cies of Animals: and so, tho' it is commonly
considered as if it were some *Substantial Thing*,
that differ'd from them all, yet indeed it is no-
thing but a Modification of their Action, as they
are all in Conjunction. And *Dicearchus*, who
affirmed there was no such thing as a Soul, if he
meant but thus, was very excusable; for in this
Sense, a Soul is nothing but a Result, that is, a
Mode of Conceiving (for this I mean by Result)
of all the Causes that must be joyned for Animal,
or Vital Actions, as they do either qualify, or
else aid, each others Influence. And in this
Sense, as a Soul, in respect of the Action of a par-
ticular Organ, may be called a Faculty; so in re-
spect of the whole Body, a Soul is a System of
Faculties. Thus Life in Animals, (as is evident
by

by this strange Instance mentioned in the Question) arises from the Concurrence of many Things; which Things therefore, in that Concurrence, as they are the Prince of Life, so they may be called the Soul; (for by Soul is meant nothing, but the Principle of that we call the Life;) if one of these is wanting (that are necessary,) the Life ceases, and we say, the Soul is gone, but may return to visit its old Companion before the Dissolution of the Body, or your strange Relation of the frightened Child must be a Fiction; but supposing all the other Requisites remaining as they ought to be, and ready to do their Parts, if that one, which was wanting is restored, there is again a Concurrence of all the Causes requisite to Life, and so, with the Life, the Soul is said to return, or come again. For Example, there is in Snakes, in Dormice, in Swallows, and in other dormitive Creatures of that Kind; and if we shall believe *Guagninus, apud Schottum, Phys. Curios. l. 1. part. 2. C. 38. §. 4.* in some Men too, (for so he says of the Inhabitants of *Lucumoria*, a certain Country of *Russia*, that there is) an actual Suspension of the Exercise of Life and Wit (as was in this Child, as appears by its being frightened into the State of a Natural Fool) in all the Species of it during Winter, while their Spirits lie congealed and unactive; so that tho' all the Organs of those Animals, in other Respects, are duly qualify'd and disposed, yet there being not, for that Season, sufficient Heat imparted to them from the Sun, to put their Spirits in Motion; these, like *Mercury* while cold, are wholly unactive, and so for several Months there is a Cessation of Life (for Life is a sort of Action) in all the sensible Instances of it. But then again on the other side, nothing being wanting but a due Heat, (as unto *Mercury*, to put it in actual Motion,) as soon as the *Sun* returns, and with its Warmth communicates that Motion that is requisite to the Spirits, and other Parts, for the invigorating, and the stirring of them, there results that Action, or exercise of Organs, (as was seen by the Child's speaking, and praying to God to have Mercy on his Soul, just before he expired) which exercise of Organs we call Life, and which in many Places of holy Scripture, is called the Soul, tho' commonly we call the Soul the Principle, not the Exercise of Life; but then by a Principle we must mean the Concourse of all the Requisite Causes, and so the Soul in Effect will be but a *Faculty*, or rather a System of Faculties. And so much may serve to prove that the rational Soul never remains in the Body unactive, tho'

the Action is not perceiv'd; but then you'll ask me, *How came it to pass that this Child of seven Years old, never spake one Word, or shew'd any Sign of Sense for the Space of Twenty Years?* To which I answer, this profound and long Silence, is more than any Man alive can prove; for all Articulations of Sounds, all Voices (for Articulations of Sound are call'd Voices) tho' they be, or may, by Composition and Conjugation, be multiply'd, almost to infinity, yet they are reducible within the Compass of the Alphabet, and can be expressed by the four and twenty Letters, in their Combination; which certainly was an excellent Invention, and full of Admiration. For Words, as properly they are but Sounds, so as Sounds they could not be spoken, and consequently could not signify, but unto Persons that are present, and within Hearing, and to them too but for the present. Whereas by Means of Letters, becoming capable of being permanent and fix'd in Writing, they become communicable, both to those that are present, and to those that are absent; even to the most remote, in Time and Place. Again, since Writing is a Representation of our Words, as Words of our Conceptions and Thoughts; so that Writings do signify and stand for our Words, as Words do signify and stand for our Thoughts; therefore when I do discourse of Words, I would be understood to discourse of those that are written, as well as of those that are spoken. And in fine, since Thoughts may be signify'd by Gestures and other Signs, as well as by Words, as in the Case of this frightened Child; (for there are three Ways of Discoursing, or communicating of Thoughts; to wit, by Words, by Writing, and by meer Signs and Gestures; therefore what I say of Words must be taken as intended to be equally meant, *mutatis mutandis*, of Gestures and other Signs (so far they as they are used to signify our Thoughts) as well as of Words themselves. So that 'tis clear from hence (tho' I own the Notion is wholly new) *That the Child might speak (tho' in a Way unintelligible to the By-Standers) from the Time of his being frightened to the Time of his Death:* And (my worthy Friend) tho' this Notion may seem a Paradox to you and my other Querists, yet I've advanc'd nothing concerning the Child's speaking in unintelligible Terms, but what I'm ready to prove and defend, if either your self or any other ingenious Gentleman shall think fit to reply to the Answer I have here given to your fine and curious Question.